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**Sermon by Rev. J. N. Prestridge,**  
preached before Bethel College,  
Russellville, Ky.

"The Lord Reigneth." Ps. CXIX: 1.

A fly walking over the great paint-  
ing of Raphael would see nothing but  
daubs of paint, red then blue and  
then black. But he who stands out  
and looks upon this picture sees and  
is made to feel the master conception,  
the perfect execution.  
The man who reads only a page of  
history sees but "confusion worse  
confounded." Things seem to have  
no calculable beginning, no sure en-  
ding. Wars and revolutions succeed  
each other and empires rise and fall  
without a parental cause. And out  
of his confusion spring doubts, skep-  
ticism, atheism, nihilism, thrice pitiable  
is he.

There is a golden key to history.  
Even the novice with this in hand  
can solve, can unlock many of its  
mysteries. The text of to-day is this  
key.  
"THE LORD REIGNETH"

Now we are ready to watch those  
child nations, the one after the other,  
trotting from their cradle in the  
mountains of Central Asia. We are  
prepared to understand their disper-  
sion, and their choice of homes. Why  
that dark-eyed, meditative people  
settled under those bright shining  
stars of silent Egypt? Why that per-  
ceptive, emotional, graceful family  
became enmeshed of the balmy air of  
Greece and pitched their tents under  
the Acropolis? Why that square  
browed, broad-jawed, warrior, er-  
rectly planted their standard on the fastnesses  
of the seven hills? Why that child-  
like, teachable race built their altar  
in the land of the Jordan? Why that  
wild, hardy, freedom loving clan  
pushed on through the forests of Ger-  
many to make their port on the Isles  
and their home upon the seas. Each  
one of these migrating nations, chosen  
its home according to the dictates of  
its own inclination, but this inclina-  
tion was the beginning of the unfold-  
ing of that plan which He who rules  
had planted deeper than their con-  
sciousness. Earth is now his stage.

The nations are to be his spokesmen,  
his actors, and the drama to be enacted  
is The Transfiguration of Man.  
We may not hope to comprehend  
this God-conceived drama in all of  
its parts until the curtain shall fall  
and we can look back upon it. The  
plot is too deep. We are too much  
absorbed in our own part. The soldier  
in the midst of battle, blinded by  
smoke and deafened by the roar of  
cannon cannot understand the plan  
of the battle. But after the enemy  
has fled he may stand upon that cen-  
tral and see and think as his gen-  
eral said and thought. So, some day,  
when our fight has been fought and  
won, we may stand upon the eminence  
where stands our General and see  
and think as he sees and thinks.  
But we are not left in total igno-  
rance. There is no room for doubt.  
We, with our untrained eyes, may  
see the thread of the plot and make  
some prophecies for the future. Let  
us now turn our eyes backward for a  
while.

Thousands of years ago the world  
was shrouded in ignorance, supersti-  
tion, and corruption. How ignorant  
we cannot appreciate; how super-  
stitious we cannot fathom; how cor-  
rupt we cannot state. Whether they  
had risen thus far from the protoplas-  
m of fallen flesh low from the perfect  
man, we will not stop to enquire.  
But this we know, in intelligent  
moralists were but little removed  
from the brute. They had forgotten  
there was a God and turned to wor-  
ship at the shrines of their personified  
passions.

Out of this darkness, this mental  
and soul chaos He who rules proposed  
to bring light, and form, and beauty,  
and glory.  
The naturally meditative Egyptian,  
lifted above the struggle for existence  
by his great bursting wheat barns,  
and stimulated by the silent flowing  
sources of Nile, the never-changing  
brightness of those southern stars  
began to ask questions. Early in  
their history the problem of life be-  
came a burning, national question.  
The pyramids are but expressions of  
their longing to live in the future.  
Their mummies and "The Book of  
the Dead" tell us how near they were  
to the solution of the mystery of the  
grave, of their hope of immortality.

One of their number filled with  
the hopes, and cheered by all their  
wisdom, under the direct instruction  
of God, led out from bondage that  
teachable nation, and hummed them  
in by sea and mountains and river  
and desert sands to enact their part,  
to learn and speak their message.

This nation was made a unit by a  
common heritage, common bondage  
and sufferings, a common deliverance  
and common hopes. For forty years  
they were at school in the desert  
with God almost directly their  
teacher. To them he declared his  
existence; "I am that I am." This  
was their first lesson. He revealed  
his power in the discovered sea, the  
overturned hosts of Pharaoh, the  
cloud of fire and shadow. He showed  
his love in the sweetened waters of  
Marah, the daily manna from Heaven,  
the rifled rock. They saw his guid-  
ing hand in the falling cities and  
fleeing armies of their enemies. They  
were made to feel the holiness of his  
being by his abode in the Holy of  
Holies. He made revelations to their  
prophets and priests and kings, and  
they speak and sing of the maj-  
esty of his being, the glory of his  
home, the love of his soul.

They have learned their part but  
are not ready to deliver it. They have  
a crude language, and a stumbling  
speech. They know not their relation  
to the whole. They have lost their  
cue. So long isolated they had  
taught themselves to despise the  
other nations. It would seem that  
here was a break, a miscarriage, but  
not so. The great Ruler foresaw this  
and planned to meet the want. For  
fifteen centuries that sparkling, per-  
ceptive nation which settled in the  
poetic environment of Greece has  
been developing a language for its  
conveyance—a language pure, beau-  
tiful, flexible and profound. With-  
in the embrace of this language is the  
noblest culture and the deepest philo-  
sophy, the widest range of thought  
known to the world. Greece had  
brought forth a Pericles, a Phidias,  
a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle,  
and each of these had in turn in-  
structed, cleared, beautified and deep-  
ened Greek thought. There they are  
capable of instructing the world. They

want a universal message and univer-  
sal way.

We know there is a universal mes-  
sage locked up in the narrow confines  
of Palestine. How, that nation and  
the teacher be brought together?  
That fearless, aggressive, war-loving,  
law-making nation answers to us  
from the seven hills. About seven  
centuries after Greece was settled, the  
Romans began their preparation for  
the part they were to play. Their  
thirst for power, their hunger for  
possessions, their love of arms, they  
pushed them out and on in every di-  
rection, bending and breaking every  
opponent until the world lay united  
and at peace. Great uncalculated  
roads were built into every province  
binding them closely and firmly to-  
gether. Laws, such laws as had  
never been, were enacted and execut-  
ed.

Rome conquered Greece and in so  
doing cut the cords which bound her  
culture and learning to the Acropolis.  
Rome conquered Greece, but Greece's  
art and language and philosophy  
conquered Rome. Then the Greece  
conquered Rome conquers Palestine.  
Christ conquers Rome's laws and  
provinces, and Greece's art, and lan-  
guage and philosophy. He has rid-  
den triumphantly over every high-  
way and planted his standard over  
every province.

The reign of our God has not ceas-  
ed. His arm is not shortened. His  
people in other nations have spoken,  
some are speaking to-day, others will  
speak to-morrow. With faith and  
anxious heart I look to the long  
neglected India. I believe she  
will have a message to deliver.  
Locked up in her fervid soul is a  
stern rebuke to our cold, material-  
istic, western conception of religion.  
Let her once thoroughly embrace  
Christ and I believe she will reach  
us a tenderer, sweeter Christianity.

The Jews, like Vesuvius, seem  
buried out by their past deliverance;  
but like Vesuvius, deep down there  
burns and surges a mighty fire that  
in the coming years will once more  
flame up to the world.

In the early part of this discourse  
I referred to that people who made  
their ports on the Britannian Isles  
and their home upon the seas. They,  
through us, their children, are pro-  
claiming that the individual is king.  
That the chain that has bound him  
a slave to his clan, his state, his race,  
must fall. To-day every man who  
walks our soil wears an invisible  
though real crown.

The Nazarene gave this theorem to  
the world but not until now has any  
one been able to solve and expound  
the problem. Out of this independ-  
ent existence there is to come no con-  
fusion, but a closer union. It took  
no prophetic vision for that apostle  
of individuality to sing:

"For that, and all that,  
It is coming, for a that,  
That man to man, the world's our  
Shall brothers be for a that."

When we stand side by side a  
world of equal individuals, each  
will be to learn Revelation's grand  
and old, though not until now un-  
derstood doctrines, the brotherhood  
of men and the fatherhood of God.  
As the nations lose their unity in the  
universal unit the reign of Him who  
reigns becomes more direct and  
powerful. The man is more plant,  
more able, grander than any  
the old nations. To-day he can in a  
few years acquire that which took  
those nations tens of centuries to  
evolve and utilize. Not greater than  
some one of them but, that all of  
them combined. They are the rivers  
which he may turn into the ocean of  
his soul. Then the audience of the  
individual is lost, and the world  
whatever. No mountains can sever;  
no pope may denounce, no creed can  
confine.

Never before to-day has the world  
offered a half chance to real greatness,  
but now the doors to her temple are  
thrown wide open, and man's possi-  
bilities are God's opportunities. For  
six thousand years he has yearned to  
reveal to men Heaven, the universe,  
himself. As man has reached his  
hand up God has added another rung  
to his ladder. Every time man has  
lifted up his eyes God has pushed  
back his horizon.

To-day he holds great truths in his  
hands and is looking anxiously into  
college and university, and far and  
cabin and cobbler's shop for a man,  
a man, by whom and through whom  
he can draw mankind together and  
lift them up in nobler and grander  
being.

But alas, alas! God's plans are  
thwarted! God's power is circum-  
scribed! God's reign is interrupted!  
For we are at the slaves of prejudice  
and sense, the prisoners of our ma-  
terial environment.

Young men, God wants a man  
through whom he can rule. An  
uninterrupted channel through  
which his wisdom and  
power and love may be manifested  
to the world. No one of you is too  
young, no one too old, no one too  
distant in yourself, faith, in God, and  
a soul consuming with devotion to  
humanity will lift you above every  
obstacle and put you into such rela-  
tions with God that you will become  
irresistible. Time itself will stand  
arrested and open an aisle through  
which you may lead the world to  
immortality—to God.

Peterson's Magazine comes to us  
for July, an unusually brilliant num-  
ber, even for it. There is a beautiful  
steel-plate; a double-size colored fash-  
ion; a double-size colored picture in  
embroidery; and about fifty other  
engravings, mostly of fashions, work-  
table, and things interesting to la-  
dies. The literary contents are even  
better than usual. They lead off with  
an illustrated article on the "Moated  
Mansions of the Olden Time," sug-  
gested by Tennyson's well-known  
poem, "Marlborough." Then comes a  
powerful novel, "The Passway of  
Peril," by Mrs. M. Sheffield Peters; a  
world tale by Adelaide Merriman;  
one of Frank Hemmick's best love-  
stories; Mrs. Stephen's pathetic nov-  
el; other tales, poetry, etc., etc. We  
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## Hiram Moralizes.

There seems to be an epidemic or  
rather an endemic of suicides abroad  
in our land. Scarcely a day passes  
but some poor weary mortal, sick of  
the world, tired of life, snaps the  
brittle thread and goes to try the sad  
venture of that great future from  
which there has been no return. To  
me ever ready to look on the bright  
side of life this looks all wrong. Yet  
I can conceive of circumstances when  
men ought to kill themselves. My  
idea is, no man has any right to out-  
live his honor. When this is gone,  
lost, irrevocably so, no possible  
chance to be regained, even a life  
devoted to all that is noble and  
good, then that man ought not to hesi-  
tate to pull the fatal trigger and send  
the deadly messenger hissing hot  
through thought's mysterious seat.  
I tell you if I were to fall, (and I  
know not how soon) I would no  
more hesitate to march before my  
maker and look the whole thing fair  
and square in the face, than I would  
to sit down to a square meal of good  
old fried chicken with my sweet-  
heart down among the vine-clad hills  
of my own beloved and angel-guarded  
Pond River. And oh! how easy  
it is to fall, how many traps, snares,  
pitfalls, steel snares, defensive darts  
come dancing before us as we march  
along the roadway of life.

The wonder to me is, how any  
warm-hearted, generous man, with  
a crust for the hungry, a penny for  
the poor, a smile for the faint-hearted  
and a heart warm with love and  
kindness for everything, from the  
summer that chirps beneath the eaves  
of his home to the King on his throne,  
the wonder is that more such men do  
not fall. It is a notorious fact that  
mean, close-fisted men, men who can  
stand unabashed, with eyelids dry as  
summer's dust, or the average sermon  
—seldom fall, seldom go astray. Such  
men seldom suffer themselves im-  
posed upon. They move on through  
life without anything to mar their  
happiness doing no good, living for  
themselves, dying for themselves and  
as I truly hope finding for themselves  
an eternity somewhere away from  
generous good men. Again some  
men are never tempted, never have  
the opportunity or inclination to  
leave the beaten path. Such men  
deserve no credit for doing right, for  
being good, no man has any moral  
right to be anything else but good.  
But when you find a man whose in-  
clinations and appetites all run to-  
ward the bad road and that man has  
the moral courage to say "get thee  
hence, Satan," in the walk in that  
way that leads to happy homes—all  
that is pure and holy and good, then  
that man deserves the friendship of  
the pure and the good.

I have no sort of patience with the  
man who is ever ready to cry out  
"merciful him!" when one goes astray  
—this is a strong-armed Moses made  
mistake, if Mr. Ingersoll is right,  
and because forsooth a poor fellow  
who has not the manhood to resist  
temptation, chances to go astray, this  
is no reason he should not have an  
opportunity to retrieve his fortunes if  
he can. I have in my mind a noble,  
generous young fellow, who while  
under the exhilarating influence of a  
steaming poison, while his blood was  
at fever heat and his mind wonder-  
ing in the moonless night of drunk-  
enness, committed a petty offense,  
and yet while it amounted to nothing  
more than a boyish freak, that should  
be forgotten like the song of a beauti-  
ful bird on an April day, yet men  
who claim to follow in the foot-  
steps of Him who said to the peni-  
tent woman "where are thine accus-  
ers, let him that is without spot or  
blemish cast the first stone," stand  
ready to cast him off as the compan-  
ion of abandoned and reckless men.

Two men were hustling along at a  
Maid S. gait, down in the Brook-  
town country, during the fearful  
hail-storm, on last Saturday, and ran  
square against each other, something  
like a collision of two steam-engines.  
They were half fellows well met.  
—Kentucky Register.

The Louisville Times makes a head-  
line confession that it is not an au-  
thority on water, his disgust at the  
abundance of that article, and doubt-  
less the absence of some other article,  
having led it into certain wild state-  
ments about 60,000 heads of water  
covering an acre of ground an inch  
deep.  
"Young man," said a good brother,  
solemnly, to one of our young clerks  
"do you feel that you are prepared  
to answer the summons at any mo-  
ment? Do you realize that when you  
go to bed at night you may be called  
before the morning dawns?" "Oh  
yes, sir. All you've got to do is come  
around to the back door and pound  
on it till you hear me holler."—Ex.

Col. A. M. Swope, the doughty  
bachelor ex-collector of the Lexing-  
ton district, received from Mr. Bay-  
ard this morning a passport to visit  
Egypt and Palestine. His mission is  
doubtless to prepare for a revised  
edition of Ingersoll's "Mistakes of  
Moses," as the Colonel has lost all in-  
terest in secular affairs since the mis-  
takes of Thane left him without an  
office and without hope in the land.  
—Louisville Times.

The newspapers of the country  
have a great deal to say about the  
new book which Miss Cleveland has  
about to issue. The book that Demo-  
crats of the country are interested in  
is the one that Mr. Cleveland has  
understood to be carefully revising  
at this time. It is commonly known  
as the Government Line Book. The  
blunders of the Government in the  
past will be given to the printers  
at an early day.—Kentucky Demo-  
crat.

**Liver Complaint.**  
Yes; you may say "complaint,"  
for if there is anything makes a poor  
liver out of order. The liver is the  
great scavenger of the body. It  
gathers up refuse, works it into bile,  
and then works the bile off. If a  
heavy contract, and sometimes fails.  
Then there is a general disturbance.  
That disturbance is quieted by taking  
Brown's Iron Bitters. Mr. W. A.  
Brown, of Marshalltown, Iowa, says,  
"Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of  
liver complaint after other remedies  
had failed."

Doc. Woods, the eminent theologi-  
cal of the Frankfort Capital, puts it  
this way: "The parrot is going to  
be badly bothered and the monkey  
badly befuddled in attempting to  
understand what kind of a time they  
are to have hereafter, considered  
from a new-revision-Old-Testament  
stand-point."

## Spaulding For Speaker.

In the election of Hon. Ignatius  
Spaulding as Representative in Union  
county, Western Kentucky will have  
a man to put forth as a candidate for  
Speaker, who will be the peer of any  
member of the House, and who would  
fill this high and important position  
with great honor. He is a man of  
the highest character and of splendid  
ability; a master in his profession of  
the law; of a lofty, generous, and  
patriotic view of public life and duty;  
of dignified address; and of that  
type that inspires the confidence and  
respect of all with whom he is thrown.  
He is not a man who would aspire to  
the Speakership merely as a stepping-  
stone to something higher, for he is  
positively without political ambition;  
but he would take it with the sole  
purpose of discharging faithfully the  
duties of the position. The Messen-  
ger undertakes to say that, should he  
be chosen, he will better facilitate the  
business of the House and give more  
general satisfaction as a speaker than  
any man who has filled the position  
for many years. Were there not  
other reasons of greater importance,  
we might urge that Western Ken-  
tucky is now entitled to the Speak-  
ership, but we suggest the name of  
Ignatius Spaulding solely on account  
of his eminent qualifications for the  
position.

Union county, in voluntarily  
tendering Hon. I. A. Spaulding the  
nomination for the Legislature, for  
which he was not a candidate, has  
displayed unusual political sagacity,  
and in honoring their favorite have  
honored themselves. It is safe to say,  
in advance, that no county in the  
Commonwealth will have an abler  
representative in the next Legislature  
than the county of Union. Mr.  
Spaulding is thoroughly grounded in  
the principles and tenets of Democra-  
cy, is a close student of political his-  
tory, an able lawyer and an honest  
man, and would take high rank in  
any legislative body, whether State  
or National. He will not enter upon  
the discharge of his legislative duties  
as a new member, for he has hereto-  
fore been a member of both branches  
of the Legislature. He is thoroughly  
grounded in all the intricacies of parli-  
amentary law and familiar with the  
general routine of legislation, and  
would make a model presiding officer.  
No man who might be elected to that  
body would discharge the duties of  
Speaker with more ability or fairness  
than I. A. Spaulding. This section  
of the State could not find an abler  
man for its candidate for that pos-  
ition than Mr. Spaulding, and we  
hope that Mr. Spaulding will allow  
his friends to urge his name for that  
position.

## FUNNY FELLOWS.

It turns out that Joseph's coat was  
not of many colors. To rise to be ad-  
viser of a king a man must always  
wear a coat that is of the same color  
as his pants.—Courier-Journal.

The capture of the rebel chief of  
the Canadian revolutionists, and not  
knowing what to do with him, gives  
the government the first hell trouble  
it has encountered.—The Capital.

Since the Old Testament revisers  
have substituted the word "soul"  
for hell, Bob Ingersoll feels as though  
somebody had poured water on his  
powder.—Louisville Times.

Two men were hustling along at a  
Maid S. gait, down in the Brook-  
town country, during the fearful  
hail-storm, on last Saturday, and ran  
square against each other, something  
like a collision of two steam-engines.  
They were half fellows well met.  
—Kentucky Register.

The Louisville Times makes a head-  
line confession that it is not an au-  
thority on water, his disgust at the  
abundance of that article, and doubt-  
less the absence of some other article,  
having led it into certain wild state-  
ments about 60,000 heads of water  
covering an acre of ground an inch  
deep.  
"Young man," said a good brother,  
solemnly, to one of our young clerks  
"do you feel that you are prepared  
to answer the summons at any mo-  
ment? Do you realize that when you  
go to bed at night you may be called  
before the morning dawns?" "Oh  
yes, sir. All you've got to do is come  
around to the back door and pound  
on it till you hear me holler."—Ex.

Col. A. M. Swope, the doughty  
bachelor ex-collector of the Lexing-  
ton district, received from Mr. Bay-  
ard this morning a passport to visit  
Egypt and Palestine. His mission is  
doubtless to prepare for a revised  
edition of Ingersoll's "Mistakes of  
Moses," as the Colonel has lost all in-  
terest in secular affairs since the mis-  
takes of Thane left him without an  
office and without hope in the land.  
—Louisville Times.

The newspapers of the country  
have a great deal to say about the  
new book which Miss Cleveland has  
about to issue. The book that Demo-  
crats of the country are interested in  
is the one that Mr. Cleveland has  
understood to be carefully revising  
at this time. It is commonly known  
as the Government Line Book. The  
blunders of the Government in the  
past will be given to the printers  
at an early day.—Kentucky Demo-  
crat.

**Liver Complaint.**  
Yes; you may say "complaint,"  
for if there is anything makes a poor  
liver out of order. The liver is the  
great scavenger of the body. It  
gathers up refuse, works it into bile,  
and then works the bile off. If a  
heavy contract, and sometimes fails.  
Then there is a general disturbance.  
That disturbance is quieted by taking  
Brown's Iron Bitters. Mr. W. A.  
Brown, of Marshalltown, Iowa, says,  
"Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of  
liver complaint after other remedies  
had failed."

## REMOVAL

—OF—

**JNO. T. WRIGHT!**

—THE—

**MAIN STREET CLOTHIER!**

—HE HAS REMOVED HIS—

**MAMMOTH STOCK**

—OF—

**Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

**Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Etc.,**

To the Room Occupied by

**GEO. O. THOMPSON'S FURNITURE STORE,**

**EAST SIDE MAIN STREET,**

where he will still continue to sell all goods  
in his line at

**Astonishingly Low Figures.**

—HE KEEPS A—

**Full Line Of Samples On Hand**

—AND—

**MAKE SUITS TO ORDER.**

Don't fail to call on him in his new quarters.

[Jan 20-17.]

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AND YOU WILL FIND ONE OF THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS OF

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—OFFERED FOR SALE BY—

**CHARLES MCKEE & CO.,**

who have by fair dealing and low prices and  
good goods built up a large trade. Free deliv-  
ery, and goods delivered at any time. Call and  
examine our stock.

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—THE GREAT REMEDY FOR—

**SICK HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA, AND LIVER COMPLAINT.**

**SOLD AT GAITHER'S PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE.**

**POMROY'S VERMIFUGE**

—IS SAFE AND SURE—

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